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Voice in the Night

Clint Thiele

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Voice In the Night

I

I hear a faint tremble,
a quiver in Her distressed
lyric. It rings aloud in
my mind, yet accompanies
the breakdown of the barriers
of sixteen years.
Joined by the soul,
I am taken back in
time; to a time where I
was Her, with a whisper
Her mighty cry. Oh, how I wish
to see Her smile -
to see His delight burn
insider Her, a burst of
Holy Flame. I beg her,
heart in womb, not
to let me die -
not to sacrifice what could
be. Tainted, thrown, into
the Shadows - into the hands
of the Gatekeeper
of Death.

II.

I hear Her song, Her melodious
mourn - in which I am
resolved. Within Her eyes I am
depraved, with every fallen
tear - with every
distorted memory.
From Her mind's chamber
door I call to Her -
"Why, O, Why, have you
made me unwhole - have I
been handed to the Beast?"
She answers, in Fetal position and
reddened Eye, with the only
breath She can gather. Her words
are unspoken, shattering like
Glass, and yet I still recall
the Long Island Iced
Screams and the Harvey
Wife-banger. Wash your Glass,
O torn Woman, and pour a
drink of me.

Clint Thiele